



# Songs of a Sergeant

By Sergt Joe Atherton



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# Songs of a Sergeant

AND

HINTS  
TO A ROOKIE  
On WHEN and  
HOW to GAIN  
PROMOTION



By SERGEANT JOE ATHERTON  
*Canadian Expeditionary Forces*



Author of "RHYMES OF A ROOKIE," "CARRY ON!"  
"OUT YONDER!"



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## PREFACE

In inflicting the following spasms upon a long-suffering public, the author pleads "Guilty," with "First Offence" and need of the dough as extenuating circumstances. Misguided, but well-meaning friends have prevailed upon him to serve up a few of his "jingles" in print; the shame, therefore, be upon their heads. He poses not as a poet—military regulations and long hair not being synonymous in the Canadian Army. He is yet of the opinion that war poets should be shot at sunrise, and is prepared to take his medicine.

For the carping criticisms of the Press he cares not the proverbial "Two Whoops," preferring to believe it has no monopoly on throwing the gentleman bovine.

His efforts have been to please and amuse, and if a modicum of success is thereby achieved he is gratified.

He is also of the opinion that the man who pays two-bits for this little book is the noblest work of creation.

I thank you.

SERGEANT JOE ATHERTON.

*Illustrations by Pte. H. S. Davis*

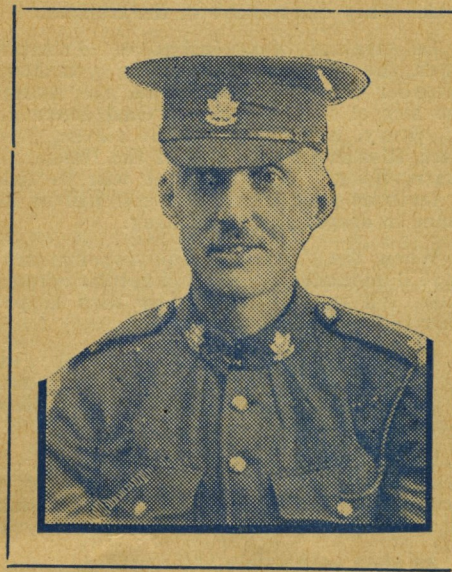
This great work is sincerely and respectfully dedicated to my old comrade and platoon commander, Lieut. J. W. Mitchell, Secretary of the Great War Veterans' Association of Calgary, Canada, who, in his efficient capacity of Battalion Musketry Officer, taught me in my early days of soldiering how to Shoot—

SEE NEXT PAGE

## THE BULL.



- Keep your eye upon your target,
- Line your sights before you pull,
- Grip your rifle firm; aim steady
- At the Bottom of the Bull.

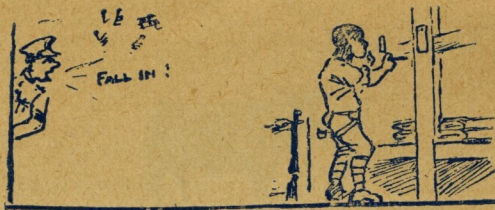


THE "CULPRIT"  
SERGEANT J. J. ATHERTON, C.E.F.

## NOW, WOULDN'T THAT JAR YOU?

I've wrestled with my grammar book and dictionary, too,  
To try and fix these "Jingles" up with rhyme and meter true,  
I've burned the midnight oil to find a word which rhymed with civil,  
But, darn my luck, the Missus says the only word is "DRIVEL."





## HINTS TO A ROOKIE ON HOW TO GAIN PROMOTION

Show a disregard for cleanliness on parade, and above all do not shave more than once a week. They don't shave in the trenches.

Be original, show initiative. Frinstance: When the sergeant is teaching you how to "Number Off," get away from the mediocre. Use any of the following: "One, deuce, trey, cat, jitney, half-a-dozen, come eleven, pair o' fours, Rise and Shine, Top of the House, Jack, Queen, King." The sergeant will be tickled to death at your nerve, and you will be mentioned in despatches right away.

When the "Fall In" blows, commence to shave immediately. This will get the corporal's goat. All successful business men keep the other fellow sticking around.

If the sergeant gets ratty, speak firmly, but kindly to him. Show him you are not to be trifled with. Napoleon's favorite dish was broiled sergeant.

Be friendly with the Quartermaster. Address him as "The Clutching Hand!" or "Get Rick Quick Wallingford!" He will eat out of your hand after that.

As soon as possible after attesting, dig up the Colonel. Make him feel at home. Slap him familiarly on the back, and ask him: "How his mother is off for soap?" Show him that you are his pal, and offer to give him a knockdown to all the swell dames on your calling list.

Keep your eye on the Adjutant. His is merely an honorary rank, and he has an inflated idea of his own importance. Let him know at your earliest convenience that you are wise to him.

Make complaints at every opportunity. This will keep the orderly officer keyed up. It will also add to your popularity, besides demonstrating in a practical manner that you are on to your job.



Be zealous at all times. If in doubt as to saluting, salute with both hands.

If you see an officer talking to a lady friend, butt right in. Esprit de corps is one of the main essentials of army life.

Encourage the Chaplain to "Carry On!" Christian Science on the men's appetites whilst in the trenches is a modern miracle.

Keep up an animated conversation with your right and left files. This will take the minds of your comrades from the tragedy of the battlefield.

If challenged by the sentry after "Lights Out," illustrate by movements that you have a bottle on your hip. It pays to advertise.

If the Sergeant-Major gets fresh, tell him to "Get off your lip, as you want to spit." Sergeant-Majors and Top Sergeants are unnecessary evils who have no apology coming for their existence.

Be friendly with your Captain. Address him as "Cappy," "Old Buddy Wax," "Cockalorum," and the like. He will see that you are promoted to Sanitary or Kitchen Police right away.

Don't be caught chewing in the ranks. Juggling juice is a fine art and should be thoroughly mastered before attempting.

If the instructor at musketry lesson asks you: "How many kinds of fire there are?" tell him three—"Coal, Coke and Wood." Timely wit is a great asset and is much appreciated by the instructors.

Be sure and have a cork in the bottle at range practise, otherwise great difficulty is experienced in lying down.

Never purchase a cleaning kit. Your comrades are usually well fixed.

Wear "Jazz" hosiery on parade, and be sure to turn your pants up at the bottoms.

Be the spokesman for your comrades at mess. On the command "Any Complaints," rise smartly to "Attention" and say: "Hebrews 13 and 8." At the same time point significantly to the Mulligan Stew.





### HELP! HELP!

There was a mean gink at Peru,  
Who with War Funds had failed to "come  
through,"  
So the "Vigilantes" there, trussed him up in  
a chair,  
Went through him, and now he's Nap-Poo!

If the officer remarks: "It is perfectly good  
soup," get back at him by telling him it is  
supposed to be tea. He will be greatly edified,  
and will make a note of your originality.

Bashfulness in the army will get you no-  
where. Tell your comrades of their defects  
and extoll your own virtues.

If the Colonel appears cranky on parade,  
step smartly out of the ranks and tell him to  
"Fergit it," and get on with the war.

"Absent Without Leave" is a crime which  
may be overcome by explaining that you are  
circumventing your next furlough by the  
instalment plan.

If you fail to get the word of command  
accurately, ask the Adjutant to "spell it out."  
Be thorough.

If you have an alleged tenor voice, be sure  
and regale your bunkies with your entire  
repertoire after "Lights Out."

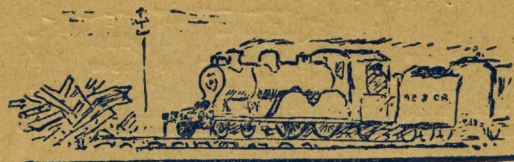
Never miss a Pay Parade.

Shoe shining is wasted energy and should  
not be encouraged.

Never read your Army Manual or Drill  
Book. You joined the Army to Fight—not  
Read.

Leave all your dirty linen lying around.  
This will impress your comrades with the fact  
that you owned a valet de chambre in civil  
life.

Be a chronic grouch, and your joy will be  
complete.

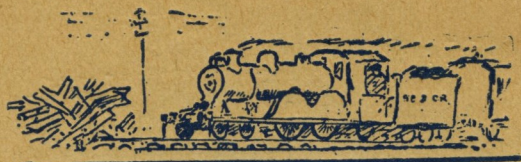


## THE CONTINENTAL EXPRESS.

(Authors Note.—A few hours before war  
was officially declared on Germany by England,  
the French Premier was rushed back to  
France from England, where he was on State  
business. German spies endeavored to wreck  
the train conveying him to the Channel port.)  
The story is told by the Engineer of the  
Express.

How did I do it? Well, sit down, if you've  
got ten minutes to spare,  
And I'll tell you the tale how it happened to  
me, to me and my mate out there.  
Don't put it all down to my boast and brag,  
for I'll take my oath we try—  
Us engine fellows, to stick to the rails, though  
we happen to live or die.  
It isn't because with filth and grease we are  
covered from head to foot—  
We ain't got no pluck, like a soldier man, in  
his trim little khaki suit.  
We ain't got no hands to tootle to us, no  
women, nor mates to cheer,  
We march to the shout of "All Aboard," and  
the scream of the wind in our ear.  
But we have gals to love us, and children, too,  
who cling to the face and neck,  
Though never called to the grand parade, or  
marched to the hurricane deck.  
A man's a man if he does his work—well, it  
may be more or less—  
But in these strenuous times you must say  
your prayers while driving the Dover  
Express.  
We started off on that clear summer night,  
and the beautiful moon shone bright  
Through the silent glass of the depot, when  
the "Guard" gave the tip of all right.  
Away we went at a splendid pace, till we  
coupled and left Herne Hill,  
Behind was the roar of the city on fire, in front  
was the country still.  
Then we came to a point where we always  
turn, and we mutter a sort of a prayer  
For the wife and the young 'uns asleep in  
the town, from us men in the engine's  
glare.  
But it wasn't like that in the train, I bet, did  
anyone trouble a rap?





The Premier he was locked in fast, and the others were playing at Nap. Papers, smoking, gossip and chaff, does it ever strike them that a nerve

Is required from the men who must drive in the dark an Express round the Chatham curve?

I looked at my watch, we were well up to time, and the engine leapt and sped

To the river, we crossed, as it runs to the sea, with the Rochester lights ahead.

I often think of the train behind, and the passengers fast asleep,

As we slow on the pace, just to tackle the curve round Stroud and Rochester Keep.

It puzzles them foreigner chaps, who cross, where the river in silence flows—

With the Castle one minute miles away, and the next right under your nose.

You have felt that jerk—well that is no odds—maybe you'd have felt more odd

With a mate at your side at the engine fire, who suddenly cried, "My God!

There's something ahead on the six-foot way, look there," and I held my breath,

A something—but what?—on the rails ahead—WE must drive for our lives or death.

There wasn't a second to pause or think, though I saw by the lights of the train

The river, the viaduct—scenes of home I should never see again.

"What shall we do?" Then turning, I saw Tom's piteous face—so sad.

What shall I do? Hold fast my lad, I'll cram on the pace like mad.

Off with the brake, and shove on the steam—in a second, a CRASH—a LEAP—

Right into the iron the engine tore—and the passengers fast asleep.

It reeled at the shock did their Hunnish snare, to the rush and the roar and the beat.

In front was dear life, and the light, and the air—behind was the dust of defeat.

Away to the rear flew Rochester town, its danger, its storm and strife.

We had taken a pledge, and we kept it, Sir, in saving the Premier's life.

\* \* \*

They are sending the hat round—thank you, Sir—for me and my mate, you say,

Well, the money will come in handy like, when we are laid on the shelf some day.

But we don't want money for what we've done, there's something far better than gain,



If a man could but earn a Victoria Cross whilst driving a railway train.

If a man can prove he has plenty of pluck—is thoroughly British made—

Either in front of an engine fire or in front of a bold brigade.

I'll give your money up, every cent, and the moment I'll gladly bless—

When you bring me the villain who tried to wreck our lives on the Dover Express.



## THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

Anxious hearts and eager eyes, are watching, waiting for the mail;

At every door the Postman knocks, each sound denotes a different tale.

To one a joy, to one a sorrow, to one hopes for a brighter morrow,

To one is borne a fearful shock; O, Mystery of the Postman's Knock.

In poignant grief a Mother stands Within the threshold of her door;

A letter flutters from her hands— She reels; falls lifeless to the floor.

With bounding heart a Mother learns— Her darling boy, her only son—

For bravery, he distinction earns, And clasps the medal he has won.

With trembling heart a Mother reads— Her son in battle has been slain.

Who now to care for Mother's needs? Who now to soothe the Mother's pain?

With cheerful heart the Mother learns— Her boy mates to the girl he loves.

Her heart for both now madly yearns, And longs to greet the turtle doves.

O, Mothers! We are proud of you— Proud to call ourselves your son.

Heroes! Every one of you! Steadfast, till the Fight is Won.





## THE REASON WHY.

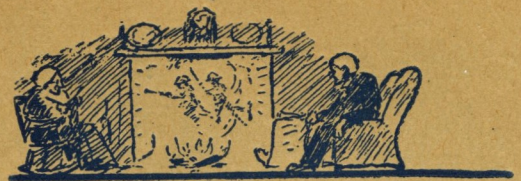
Do you want to know why I enlisted, my boy?  
Do you want to know why I fight?  
Well, stand at your ease, it's like shelling peas,  
"I am mating the RIGHT with MIGHT!"  
I am sick of the sugary "pipe of peace,"  
Sick of the soft-drawled whine;  
Tired of the Slackers, and all yellow-backers,  
Fed up; so I'm off up the line.

I'm through with their yapping, and want to  
go scrapping,  
I want to get close up to Fritz.  
I MUST take a crack, just to get my own back,  
If I have to return all in bits.  
I must fight for the field that yields me bread;  
For the woman that I love best;  
I'll flirt with my life to protect my dear wife  
And the infant at her breast.

I must fight for the fire which warms my feet,  
For the roof which covers my head;  
And, O, I must fight with a two-fold might  
For Canada's glorious Dead.  
I must fight for my bed, I must fight for my  
board,  
I must fight for my kith and kin;  
There is work to be done 'ere we clean up the  
Hun,  
So I'll fight, and I'll fight, till we win.

There's a big, armed bully across the seas  
Who's making wry faces at me;  
I can't do it all, but I've answered the call,  
And he will regret it—you'll see.  
We'll thrash that plundering Potsdam gang;  
We'll shatter with shot and shell;  
We'll bash 'em and mash 'em, we'll slash 'em  
and thrash 'em,  
And slip 'em our dope:

HELL FOR HELL!



## TOO OLD TO FIGHT.

With apologies to Harold Begbie.

Old fellows of Fifty, come tune up with me,  
And sing to the Young 'Uns we nursed at our  
knee,  
A song to our lads, who by land, air and sea,  
Keep Fritz from disturbing their Dads at their  
tea!

We old chaps of fifty are finished and done;  
We can't join our boys any more in their fun;  
We must take a back seat, and call Fritzie a  
"Hun,"

Whilst we leave the world's battle to YOUNG  
TWENTY-ONE.

Their manhood took most of us clean unawares;  
Their toys are yet packed away somewhere  
upstairs,  
And it's only like yesterday Mother declares  
She was up in the Nursery hearing their  
prayers.

They would sit round the fire till their bedtime  
was nigh,  
Sucking candies, and talking of Wagner and  
Ty.  
Till, one day, all was changed, and the past  
was put by—  
Life for them had one calling, and that was "to  
fly."

Oh, they laugh as they start on their dare-devil  
trips,  
They joke as they crash into trenches and  
ships;  
Their lives may go down, but their tail never  
dips,  
And they die with a smile, and "Good Luck" on  
their lips.

Let's talk till we dote of the dangers they've  
shaved—  
Of the modest and chivalrous way they've be-  
haved;  
Of the Death and Destruction that TWENTY-  
ONE braved—  
And the freedom of Britain which SEVEN-  
TEEN saved.

God help the poor mother, with hell in her  
breast,  
And grant her kind sleep as she lies down to  
rest;  
And give her great courage to hope for the  
best—  
And bring her brave youngsters safe home to  
the nest.





## GROUCH! BUT CARRY ON.

When you're named for the Draft, and you're  
feeling nigh daft,  
At the way that the Lance-Jacks all treat  
you,  
Why, stick out your chest, and you'll find it is  
best,  
For the guy with the lone stripe can't eat you.  
Gee! it does seem a shame, but it's all in the  
game;  
Buck up, throw your weight on your chin  
strap;  
He's the whole blooming hog with his little  
"lone dog,"  
But a lead-swinging guy as a trench chap.

When you're warned for a "Guard," sure I  
know it's damned hard,  
'Cos you've done more "guards" now than  
you oughter,  
Give your buttons a lick, and you'll grab the  
"clean stick,"  
And your jig will be cushy and shorter.  
When you're down for a picquet, why, darn it,  
just stick it,  
The job won't take more than the day,  
Just grin, and you'll like it, go to it, and smite  
it,  
Say, Kid, that's the more pleasant way.

When you're "C.B.'d" for seven, well, your  
lucky 'taint 'leven,  
Just laugh, and say "Damn it, I earned it."  
If you're taking it blue, why, the Serg. will  
"get you,"  
So you might as well grin and bear it.  
At "Defaulters' Parade," don't start a tirade  
And give the Non-Coms chance to bawl,  
You can be a Defaulter, and stay with your  
halter,  
So long as you answer the "Call."

When you're slipped "up the line," and you feel  
none to fine,  
And your stomach ain't acting just right,  
Ram your teeth in your gum, and just fancy  
it's Rum,  
It sure will help keep down your fright.  
When you feel that you're stuck, well, just  
trust to your luck,



Bear in mind, Kid, that Fritzie's scared, too,  
You can bet in the morning a better day's  
dawning,  
So, buck up, and quit feeling blue.

When you stop a swell Blighty, go steady, go  
lightly,  
You are in for the time of your life,  
You'll be fondled and feted, and cuddled and  
treated,  
By all the swell dames, plus your wife.  
Now, remember, I told yer, my fine little  
soldier—  
Don't burn up your coin in Par-ee.  
Steer clear of the "Shallers," the wine and  
the "La La's,"  
Go slow! Have a heart! Think of ME!

\* \* \*

## WHAT WILL YOU FOR THE SOLDIER DO?

When you've finished slamming Hindenburg,  
and paid respects to Bill,  
And bottled all the Germans—WITH YOUR  
JAW,  
Come down to earth a minute, and let's talk  
some common sense,  
'Cos there's trouble loomin' up Apres le  
Guerre.  
There's a lot of boys in khaki, who are coming  
home some day,  
And we may as well get busy first as last,  
There are Tommies, Jacks and Sammies, and  
they're coming home to stay,  
So we'd better get a MOVE ON pretty fast.

They've had HELL enough for breakfast, and  
they've had the same for tea,  
And they're wondering pretty hard what we  
will do,  
So, we'd better start a thinkin' and a plannin'  
things, you see,  
'Cos there's trouble if we don't, for ME and  
YOU.  
Ain't they done their share of scrapping?  
Ain't they staying with it still?  
No, they're not a BUNCH OF PIKERS, you  
can bet,  
For they'll see it to the FINISH—till they  
finish Crazy Bill—  
Yep, but—WHAT ARE ALL MY SOLDIER  
PALS TO GET?





So, if you are in earnest, you're a PAL OF  
MINE for keeps,  
And if you are, you've surely got to DIG,  
You've got to Dig for Dollars, and you've got  
to Dig for Jobs,  
'Cos they've got AMBITIONS now what's  
mighty BIG.  
Will you call them "Crazy Rummies," and  
forget to foot the bill,  
Will you fight 'em, and forget they fought for  
YOU?  
Let's do the job up handsome, now, for Sammy,  
Jack and Tom;  
Let's get a WIGGLE ON, and start to DO!

Let's start to get a Pension Board—a Pension  
Board what's square;  
Let's start to fix the boys up on a Farm;  
Let's get right down to brass tacks, and come  
down from out the clouds;  
Let's get busy whilst the goin's good and calm.  
I've got a hunch they're coming, and they're  
coming mighty quick,  
So, I'm damned if they'll be handed a "cold  
deck,"  
Ain't it time you started somethin'? Let me  
put it square to you—  
Are they goin' to get it straight, or, IN THE  
NECK?



## WHAT'S CAMOUFLAGE?

Camouflage is a 20th century miracle; the  
ninth wonder of the world. It is supposed to be  
a war invention to deceive the enemy into be-  
lieving that SOMETHING is NOTHING, as  
for example, Near-Beer and Union Govern-  
ments. 'Frinstance, the following is alleged  
to be "poetry."

When you meet a young damsel, all dolled up  
to kill,  
Through the heat her complexion is beginning  
to spill,  
Get ready to grab her, she's going to faint,  
She's faked her complexion what wasn't nor  
aint—

By Camouflage.



When you lamp a Jazz Slacker, who's cutting  
a shine,  
And you figure it's time he was "slipped up  
the line,"  
Get after the "yellow" and slap on the paint,  
He's just what he is, what he isn't, he ain't—  
Camouflagerererer.

When Turpitz tells Fritzie he's sunk all our  
ships,  
And an end thereby put to our oversea trips,  
Both Hindy and he should be under restraint,  
For they're filling him up with what isn't and  
ain't—

That's Camouflage.

When the Kaiser got cranky, and started to  
roar,  
And said: "I'll fix Yankee-land!" after the war,  
He'd sure do it, too, if he could, but he ca'int,  
He's a has-been, a piker, an Isn't, an Ain't—  
Just BULL.



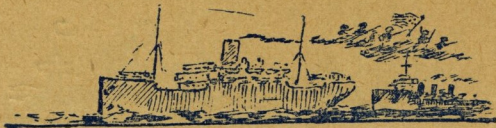
## O, REST IN THE LORD!

Thunder crashing, lightning flashing,  
Clouds across the sky,  
Guns are sending shells unending,  
And the bullets fly.  
Blood is spilling, man is killing,  
Man, O Brother, why?

And unheeding, men are speeding  
To join in the fray,  
Never swerving, proud of serving  
'Neath their flag today,  
Fighting, dying, Freedom buying,  
With their lives they pay.

Silence reigning, blood is staining  
Valley, hill and plain.  
Sweetly sleeping, in His keeping  
Are the gallant slain.  
Peace prevailing, none assailing  
Those in His domain.





## O, HASTE, THEE, COLUMBIA.

O haste, thee, Columbia, O haste to the aid  
Of the valiant sons of Britain, Belgium,  
France,  
On the battlefields of Flanders against the foe  
arrayed,  
Who tenaciously oppose his strong advance.

\* \* \*

See, the Kaiser's mighty legions on the West-  
ern front are massed,  
They are striking hard and striving to break  
through;  
But the line is yet unbroken and the Allies still  
hold fast,  
They are waiting, O Columbia, for you.

\* \* \*

O, give speed to your transports, to munitions,  
guns and men,  
Lo, the crisis of the struggle is at hand,  
When the liberty of mankind is threatened once  
again,  
And world conquest by the enemy is  
planned.

\* \* \*

O, haste, Thee, Columbia, for much depends  
on you,  
If Liberty or Bondage shall prevail.  
The world is watching, waiting, so reliantly on  
you,  
Confident, dear sister, you'll not fail.

\* \* \*

And when at last Old Glory and the Union  
Jack's entwined  
With the flags of Allied Nations in the  
breeze,  
And the armies are united with one purpose, we  
shall find  
Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs on their  
knees.



## FAGS AND RUM OR KINGDOM COME?

When you're shaking like a jelly, and your  
foot is on the step,  
And you're sure a drop of rum would help  
you out,  
Just murmur "PROHIBITION!" It will fill you  
full of PEP,  
'Cos you'd kill the guys what brought the  
stunt about.

When your lying in a shell-hole, and your  
thoughts are far from sweet,  
And you're soaked from Hell to Breakfast  
to your skin,  
Get up and suck your fingers, boys, and give  
yourself a treat,  
But PASS THE RUM JAR UP—'cos that's  
a SIN.

When your nerves are all a-tremble, and your  
feet are dead as stones,  
And your knees begin to wobble with your  
fright;  
When the cold is making ice-cream with the  
marrow of your bones,  
Just TURN THE RUM JAR DOWN—'cos that  
ain't right.

When your spine is all a-shiver, and your  
stomach's on the bum,  
And your system's full of blooming pains  
and aches,  
Why, that's the time to chuck it, and prepare  
for Kingdom Come,  
'Cos Fags and Rum are Nap-Poo! Simply  
Fakes.

When the gas alarm is sounding, and the shells  
begin to whine,  
And Fritz is coming over with a rush,  
Just murmur "PROHIBITION," and you'll sure  
be feeling fine,  
But if that won't brace you up, just try the  
MUSH.





## THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE AGAINST THE HUN.

Sons of Fighting Sires of the English-speaking  
race,  
"To Arms!" "To Arms!" lest you fill a vassal's  
place;  
Forward, press forward, Sons, beneath the flag  
of Right;  
Lay the proud usurper low, supplant the  
Tyrant' might.  
Strike the blow for Liberty until the Fight is  
won—  
O' English-speaking Sons array your might  
against the Hun.

Aye, gone are our sires of the fighting Old  
Brigade,  
Fighting sires of days of yore who fighting  
history made,  
But whose brave sons are now espousing  
Freedom's Cause,  
Fighting, valiant Sons of Sires of Freedom's  
bygone wars.  
Pierce the foeman's armor, and until the task  
is done—  
O, English-speaking Sons array your might  
against the Hun.

Sons of Fighting Sires, Awake; for know the  
German race,  
The Teuton tongue they would endow, and  
yours they would efface.  
O, speakers of the Mother Tongue, on whom  
the Sun ne'er sets,  
Arise as one to crush the Hun—nor live for  
vain regrets.  
Then, forward, onward to the fray, each  
English-speaking son,  
Array your youth, your strength, your zeal,  
your lives against the Hun.



## A LETTER FROM HOME!

Say, listen, my friends, I've a word to impart—  
A straight from the shoulder, a real "heart to  
heart."

I want to get wise to what's holding you back  
From writing that long-promised letter to  
Jack.

Oh, "HEAVEN" it means to my comrades "out  
there,"

"A LETTER FROM HOME!" with a pat and a  
cheer,

Now picture the anguish when letters don't  
come—

Why, it's Hell-with-the-lid-off for every one.

And it's Hell-with-the-door-shut from morning  
till night,

Sleepless, unshaven, unkempt and a "sight,"  
Dog-tired and lousy, and smothered in gore,  
Some change from the "Sissy," eh, you knew  
before?

He's holding a man's job over in France,  
Flirting with Death, with a mighty slim chance.  
Looks like a Hobo, and feels like a Bum,  
Not caring "TWO WHOOPS" if the love letters  
come.

He's grimy and "cootie," and sweaty and sore;  
He chums with the Rats, and his Doss is the  
Floor;

Cobwebs in his whiskers, and wheels in his  
dome,

But what does he care if the Folks WRITE  
FROM HOME?

He's out at a Listening Post somewhere to-  
night,

Or charging to scare Mr. Fritzie to flight;  
Sure a whale-of-a-time he is having right  
there,

But a helluva time when NO LETTERS  
APPEAR.

You say that you'll do it? You're calling my  
Bluff?

Ataboy! Atagirl!! Atadad!!! Atastuff!!!!  
Now, write him a long 'un, and tell him the  
News,

Put the soft pedal hard on the dope with the  
blues,

Tell him—oh, all of it—gossip and chaff,  
Get him kihootin', and coax him to laugh.  
Get him to smile again, get him to holler,  
Tell him we're "Jake" to the LAST MAN and  
DOLLAR.





## GETTING YOUR OWN BACK.

When you hear "Reveille" sounding, "Show a leg," its getting late,  
And the Sergeant starts a-pounding with his stick,

I'll tell you how to fix him, and to queer his "Morning State,"

Why, look the part, and say "You're going Sick."

When you hear the "Cook-house" calling, and you've got to fetch the stew,

And "Pick-em-Up" has sounded with a rush,  
If the Corporal gets ratty, and starts handing guff to you,

Just swipe the choicest bits and slip him mush.

When the "Fall In" has been sounded, and you've heard 'em "number off",

And you have to make your sneak in on the flanks,

If the Corporal gets nasty and your Serge begins to scoff,

Why, show you're good and mad, and leave the ranks.

When you're out upon a route march, and your pack feels like a ton,

And you've got to "Cover Off" and keep your course,

If the Sergeant tells you peevish-like to slope your blooming gun,

Why, quit the job right there—you ain't a Horse.

When you're up before the Captain, and he's handing you a bunch,

And he sends you down for seven, just for luck,

Why tell him that's "Dead Easy," and you'll quickly get a hunch

That he'll slip another dose before you duck.

When you're crossing o'er the ocean, and you're feeling pretty tough,

And you lie around just like a poisoned pup,

Sure you'll get advice a-plenty, and they'll hand it kind o' rough,

But, have your own way, kiddo, bring it up.



When you get to France in billets, and the cooties make you sad,

And the Sergeant takes your "Mam'selle" to flirt,

That's the time to fix him, and to get him good and mad,

Just mooze along and swipe his "cootless" shirt.

When you're lying in a shell hole, and the shrapnel's bursting fast,

And you're out to do a job that must be done,

Why, that's the time to SOLDIER, and forget the rotten past,

You can get your blooming own back on the HUN.



## LET 'EM ALL COME!

From India's coral strand they come,

From Afric's sunny shore,

The Kangaroos, the N.Z. boys,

The Jap, the Chink, the Boer.

The Czechslovaks, the Poilus,

And the gallant Portuguese,

With Johnny Bull and Jack Canuck,

To drag 'em to their knees.

They've come from every country,

And from every clime and pole,

And now they've turned the final trick,

THE ACE THAT'S IN THE HOLE!

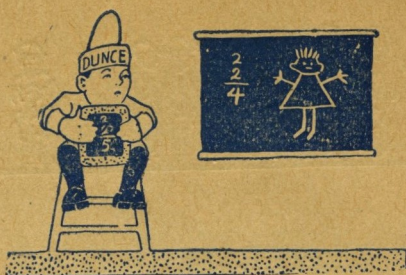
For, they've shipped a million Sammy boys

Across the briny sea,

And they've mailed the Bill of Lading

To "B-E-R-L-I-N, G-E-R-M-A-N-E-E!"





### HE'S A DEVIL

There once was a kid at our school,  
 Who got the job steady as "fool,"  
 Now, according to Fritz, on the place where  
 he sits  
 He can land 'em, and discount a mule.



"We'll get him yet!"





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PRINTED AT THE OFFICE  
OF THE FRANKLIN PRESS  
CALGARY - - CANADA

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